

THE WAR CRY



OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

International Headquarters: 101 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.

Canada East Headquarters: James and Albert Sts., Toronto, Ont.

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TORONTO, JANUARY 15, 1916.

W. J. Richards, Commissioner. Price Two Cents

FOR VALOUR on the FIELD



St. John's Castle

NEWS has just come through of the death of a young Frenchman from wounds received on the battlefield, under circumstances that form the crowning glory of a work begun at Hadleigh Farm Colony several years ago, when Commissioner Lamb was Governor there. This young man, whose earlier youth had been characterized by outbursts of wildness which made him the despair of his friends, came under the influence of The Salvation Army, saw the error of his ways, surrendered to the claims of God, became a prosperous

Young Hadleigh Colonist wins Legion of Honour and dies a hero's death.



"Paid a mute tribute to their hero comrade from Winnipeg"



"He became associated with a bad set of people."

face faults, and his real self has emerged in these months of noble, unselfish devotion, and this glorious end. I envy him them both!"

It should perhaps be explained that to belong to the Legion of Honour is the distinction most coveted by Frenchmen. This order was created by Napoleon Bonaparte in 1802, but its constitution has undergone some modifications in the varying fortunes of France since that time. It was founded for the protection of the Republican principles and the laws of equality, every social grade being equally eligible. On the obverse side of the five-rayed white enamelled cross of



At Hadleigh Farm Colony

farmer in Canada, and when the tocsin sounded sprang to arms on behalf of his native country.

The tidings of his death were conveyed to Commissioner Lamb by a friend in the following terms: "Jack X—— is dead. During the last eight months he has led a charmed life, his comrades marvelling alike at his daring and his hairbreadth escapes. He was promoted for courage on the field, and then at last, a short time ago, he was winged by an explosive bullet after deeds of almost incredible valour. France gave him the Military Medal and the Legion of Honour, but he died of his wounds in hospital yesterday week. I knew you would like to know of the high honour he had won. His faults were sur-

the order is a female head representing the Republic, surrounded by the words, "Republique Francaise, 1870"; on the reverse are two crossed flags and the motto, "Honneur et Patrie." The cross is suspended by a wreath, half of oak, half of laurel leaves. The ribbon is watered scarlet silk. The military members receive a pension.

This young man who fought so valorously for La Belle France was the son of prosperous parents. He was brought up amidst all the refinements of culture and material comfort with which well-to-do French people surrounded themselves. There were two sisters and himself in the family, and our subject's youthful days were spent in (Concluded on Page 5)

By The Gene

Machinery and Power

A Poor Children's Dinner was given at each of the city Corps on Dec. 30th. The Commissioner and Lieut. Colonel Turner, accompanied by several members of the Staff, visited each Hall, and conducted an informal

INTERNATIONAL

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GAHER IN THE WINGING RECRUIT

The Salvation of the Children is the Special Object of This Month's Campaign

OFFICERS OF TORONTO DIV.

Meet for Councils—Spiritual Times Experienced.

The Officers of the Toronto Division met in Council at Ligar Street on Dec. 30th, with Brigadier and Mrs. Adby and Major and Mrs. McAmmond. Each session was full of interest and blessing. A noticeable characteristic of the Council was the oneness of spirit and purpose that prevailed.

The addresses were interspersed with song and testimony, thus keeping up the interest and enthusiasm. Meats were provided, which made it comfortable for the Officers, and afforded a chance for comradely chats.

A large public demonstration was held at night, when a good crowd gathered to enjoy the service. From the opening song until the close the meeting did not lack interest and inspiration.

Mrs. Major McAmmond, Adjutant Parsons, Ensign Hale, and Captain Lloyd each gave clear testimonies, setting forth the way God had helped them in the past, and their confidence for the future. Captain Loston, of Uxbridge, enlisted the congregation with a correct solo, and Lieutenant Crockett sang very acceptably.

Special mention was made of the Campaign for the Young People, and to convince all present of the possibilities of the young, the Divisional Commander spoke of David's question and answer: "Where-withal shall a young man cleanse his eyes?" By taking heed thereto according to Thy words, and the day's meetings closed with a united consecration.

WATCH-NIGHT SERVICE

Helps Fourteen Souls at Parliament

Parliament Street Corps, in almost every meeting since the Congress, has had the joy of seeing some one kneeling at the Mercy Seat. On Christmas Sunday we were glad to have three of our old comrades with us: Cadet Henry church, Waugh, and Milner. Their bright testimony, and sweet singing was a means of blessing and inspiration to all.

The Watch-night Service was conducted by our Officers, and we give God the glory for fourteen souls who came for conversion, restoration, and salvation. Since the Campaign started over one hundred, including backsliders, have knelt at the Mercy Seat.—A. P.

SPECIAL DEMONSTRATION

Attracts and Interests Good Crowd

A very interesting service was conducted on Dec. 23rd of Lunenburg, entitled "How a Drunkard's Hands Found Him." A nice number of people were present, and was manifested throughout the service. Several have asked for to be repeated. Ensign M. Smith, of the character of the Ensign's coordination playing is attracting great interest in the open-air.—M. B.

TERRITORIAL SECRETARY

Spends a Successful Week-end

Lieut.-Colonel Turner (Territorial Secretary) paid his first visit to Dauphin for the week ending Dec. 18th-19th. God came very near, blessing our souls.

A special feature of Sunday's programme was a lecture on "Nation-Building," given by the Colonel in the afternoon. Rev. F. E. Spence (Methodist Minister) very kindly presided on this occasion, and after a few, well-chosen remarks, Colonel Turner delivered his message. He struck the keynote when he emphasized the fact that the Christianizing of people was most essential to the building of a nation. He also made special mention of his boyhood days and the development of our country. The opportunities that stand out for the betterment of humanity are ours—if we will accept them. We are safe in saying that those who were privileged to hear this lecture did not go away disappointed. The evening service was well attended: a number of khaki boys being present. Some of these were asked an interest in our prayers. We are grateful to God for the spirit that the congregation with a correct solo, and Lieutenant Crockett sang very acceptably.

MEMORIAL SERVICE

Touching References—Three Surrender.

A memorial service was conducted by Ensign Clark in The Army Citadel at Barrie on Sunday, Jan. 2nd, for the late Captain Erick. After the opening exercises, a letter from Mrs. Bridget Johnston was read, also the career of the late comrade (which included the command of this Corps three years ago). Brother and Sister Datt and Sister Robinson sang "Death's Rolling Tide," after which Brother Chas. Reynolds spoke briefly of the Captain's work during his thirteen months here. The Songsters, assisted by some of the men of the 26th Battalion, sang "Promoted to Glory." Ensign Clark gave a stirring appeal, as well as making reference to the example of Captain Erick was. One military soldier and two backsliders returned to God.—C. E. R.

MEN IN KHAKI INTERESTED

Meeting on Christmas Night Very Successful.

Good meetings have been held during the last week at Moose Jaw. Staff-Captain Goodwin launched out in new directions by having a meeting on Christmas night. There was a very fair attendance, and the testimonies were of a very inspiring character, and given with great freedom from thankful hearts.

On Sunday evening one soul—a member of the 126th Battalion, C.E.—has volunteered for service, and is marching bravely to the Mercy Seat. He afterwards testified to God's having cleansed him from sin, and showing him the way to life in His footsteps in the future. God bless our "Soldier Boys!"—Mac.

BAND VISIT JAIL

Success Attending All Labours

We are still pushing the Salvation War at St. John Hill, and it is richly blessing our efforts, by bringing souls to His feet.

Our order of one thousand Christmas "War Cry's" have gone like hot cakes; one comrade who thought he might sell a half-dozen in the factory where he works, found that they took on so well, that he sold over fifty.

Our Young People's Entertainment met Thursday, Dec. 23rd, was a splendid success, and a full Hall greeted the children.

For the week-end, Dec. 26th, we had Ensign and Mrs. Best, and experienced a real, blessed day. In the afternoon the Band conducted a special service of music and song in the jail. This being the first time any Band has been granted this privilege. The inmates were greatly cheered as a result.

In the night meeting at the Hall, a man who had been a backslider for some years, volunteered to the Mercy Seat, and afterwards gave a good testimony.—Simon Peter.

EIGHT SURRENDERS

Interesting Meetings—Enrollment of Recruits

On Dec. 19th we had the pleasure of a visit from Brigadier Marston, Major and Mrs. Walton at Montreal V.I. The Holiness meeting was a blessing to all who attended. The Brigadier spoke of the truth, and spoke with great power. In the afternoon meeting, three Soldiers were enrolled under the Colours.

At a great Salvation meeting was held, and all efforts and faith were rewarded with eight souls at the Mercy Seat for Salvation and Satisfaction. Hallelujah!

Regina Corps is certainly stilling to do its best. The Christmas meeting has been a great success—many families being assisted and supplied with Christmas cheer. Brother Davidson, has enlisted in the 68th Battalion. God bless him!

TREASURER ENLISTS

The Christmas "Cry" the Best Yet

We are still going ahead at Campbellton, but are sorry to say that our ranks have been broken by the Treasurer enlisted in the 59th Battalion. We pray that God will help him wherever he goes. With the help of two Soldiers Captain and Mrs. Johnstone sold one thousand Christmas "Cry's." Everybody says that it was the best yet. We intend to do better in 1916, for our Officers are hustlers.—J. C.

A LIVE CONCERN

Very Keen Interest Is Manifested

The week-end meetings at North Toronto on Dec. 25th-26th were conducted by Ensign Hancock. On Monday he gave a talk on his past experiences, which was listened to by a large audience.

Special arrangements are being put forth in the interests of the Junior Soldiers, and are being carried out fighting hard for the Salvation of souls.

CHANCELLOR IN CHARGE

Soldiers Ambitious—Welcome to Comrades

The first Sunday in the New Year Lindsay Corps had the privilege of a visit from Major McAmmond.

We were delighted to have the Major lead us for the week-end. The Soldiers were in to do their best, and as the Major said, "they were like Trojans." The earnest appeal of the corps' chancellor, illustrated by many touching incidents from his own experience, made a deep impression on all present.

We welcomed Sister Kelly from Kingston, who will be an addition to the Songsters and Junior Work. We are also glad to have with us Bandmaster Stubbings, a Lindsay product, for he is in The Salvation Army Hall he kept, sought, and found Salvation. He has been away for some time, stationed at the 2nd Battalion and, and is now transferred to the 109th Battalion, at home town and Corps. We present a welcome to our new Officers.—H.

SIX RECRUITS ENROLLED

Lively Meeting—The Poor Helped

On Sunday, Dec. 19th, the meetings at Regina were led by Adjutants and Mrs. Hodgdon. All meetings went with a swing, everyone putting their whole heart into them. The Band defied the elements in the afternoon, and managed to play at the open-air without freezing up.

The Soldiers were very bold on the meeting caused a "warning" of physically and spiritually.

During the Salvation meeting in Regina, one brother who was a khaki, were enrolled as Soldiers. We have received 640 "War Cry's" and sold them all, and are waiting for the second batch.

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PRAYING FOR A REVIVAL

Citadel Renovated—Money Being Collected.

We are still in the front at Bonaville, battling against Satan and his host, and are having splendid meetings, with good attendance. We are praying and believing for a break in Satan's ranks in the near future. Our Officer has the barracks with him, and a special service was held last week brought in six-dollar dollars, which goes towards fixing up the building. One hundred, and one Soldier, have been recently for repairing The Salvation Army property at Bonaville.—E. W. B.

SERGEANT DATT

Sergeant Datt Richards, of Lindsay, sold 308 Christmas "Cry's." It is estimated he travelled many miles, and sold them all. He is always ready to do his best. God bless Datt Richards!

Doing Good Work

Police Matron Recently Appointed for Kingston

Young Girls and Women Are Given Comfort and Attention When in Jail.

Kingston has a Police Matron, who is doing good work. Mrs. Smith (wife of Ensign Smith of The Salvation Army) is looking after the duties, and although she has only filled this position a few months, the position being a new one for this city, it is one in which she has made good, and in police circles it is stated that she is filling a long-felt want.

Mrs. Smith visits every girl and every woman who meets with misfortune, and is taken in charge by the police. She sees them into the Police Court room, and stands by them through all their troubles, giving them the comfort that they should receive. No matter if it happens to be an "old-timer," one who has been before Court many times, the same kind treatment from the Matron.

Precious to the appointment of the Police Matron, young girls and women who landed in the police net had no person to comfort them, now there is a pair of willing hands stretched out to help everyone in hard luck. It is certainly hard luck for many when through taking one false step, they land in the cells.

Mrs. Smith looks after the girls just like a mother. If they are hungry she feeds them. If their clothes are torn and their hair tangled, she has the remedy. In fact, she is ready to aid them in every possible way. Her work is well worthy of commendation.—Kingston "Whig."

ANCIENT CORN GROWS

Corn planted from seed sold to be two thousand years old is growing fast at the present time, and is promising to make a crop. The seed was found in the ancient Aztec burying-place in New Mexico, in connection with an Indian mummy. Archaeologists figured that the tomb was probably two thousand years old. Five grains of the corn were given to Rev. E. Pratt, of the city, who is holding a revival meeting at Aztec, N. M. He gave them to a farmer living near Hutchinson, Kan., all of them sprang up and are growing nicely. The grains are about the size of a pop corn.

ON SUNDAY, JAN. 9th

Brigadier and Mrs. Miller are to conduct the meetings at London I. They are to take the form of an all-night meeting, the Citadel being decorated with trees to give the desired effect.

Corps Cadet Almas Casler

"War Cry's" Doomed of Nelson, B.C. She sells 65 to 70 copies weekly.

The Rev. G. B. Brown opened the proceedings with prayer, after which Major Coombs, the Divisional Commander for the month, introduced the Chairman, Mr. G. E. McCreaney, who, in the course of his remarks, said: "In Commissioner Sowton we have an example of the world-wide spread of The Salvation Army, for the Commissioner, born in England, spoke Scandinavian, lived in Chicago, and had just come from India, where he did a number of years' service."

COMRADES CHEERED

And Inspired by Leaders' Visit

The much-looked-for visit of Commissioner and Mrs. Sowton to Glen Yowell fulfilled in every way our highest hopes and expectations. Our people had been working faithfully on the Citadel, repainting it inside, making new seats and a new pulpit, in addition, holding many prayer meetings, that everything might be ready for our Leaders.

They arrived at Hazelton station shortly after six o'clock Saturday evening, and after a rough, cold, bumpy, nine-mile drive away from civilization, entered the Indian Village of Glen Yowell. I am sure the natives must have seemed welcome to them, and surely no words can express what their presence meant to us—our first working Sabbath coming here two years ago.

The meetings all day Sunday were full of enthusiasm and interest. The natives are very responsive and readily grasped the lessons taught by the Commissioner.

Mrs. Sowton's ready hospitality and wise, loving words with all hearts, and the meetings closed with nine earnest testimonies, and a very happy ending to a very happy day for us here, and a great blessing of a new life to the souls saved.

WESTERN HEADQUARTERS GATHERING

The Annual Treat for the city Officers' children was held on Wednesday, Dec. 29th, in the Manitoba Hall, which had been hired for the occasion. About one hundred Officers and children were present. It was a notable gathering, because of the fact that it was the first of its kind in the West that has been previously held over by the Territorial Commanders.

Between the hours of three and five-thirty those present engaged in the good old-fashioned games, and everyone seemed to thoroughly enjoy themselves, especially the children. At five-thirty dinner was served, after which some specialties were delivered by Staff-Captain Peacock (the Young People's Secretary) and Brigadier Taylor.

Brigadier Taylor was "master of the ceremonies." The Commissioner and Mrs. Sowton, who were enthusiastically received, gave a few brief remarks relating particularly to the great possibilities there were for the development of The Army in the West of Winnipeg, and then informed everyone they could adjourn for more games.

Staff-Captain Sims, who was responsible for keeping everyone in the good humor and also to see the interest did not "drag" the billiard table. A number of officers and the choice selection of lantern slides during the evening, and last, but not least, Santa Claus arrived with presents for the boys and girls.

Major and Mrs. Fraser gave the inmates of the Ontario Reformatory at Guelph a pleasant time at Christmas. A number of officers and the choice selection of lantern slides during the evening, and last, but not least, Santa Claus arrived with presents for the boys and girls.

CHRISTMAS MORNING AT THE WINNIPEG I. CORPS

A very fine crowd gathered at the Winnipeg I. Citadel on Christmas morning to a service conducted by Lieut.-Colonel Turner. The Territorial Secretary was assisted by Brigadier Taylor and the Headquarters and Divisional Staffs. In former years it has been the custom to hold a service on Christmas morning, owing to the fact that the Staff were always engaged in preparation for the annual dinner to the members of the city; but as the dinner was dispensed with (reasons for doing so will be found elsewhere in the columns) the Territorial Secretary decided to hold a service.

The general opinion appeared to be that the attendance was not so large, but everyone was pleasantly surprised with the result. Brigadier Taylor and Staff-Captain Taylor both delivered very impressive messages that were listened to with rapt attention: the latter referring particularly to the baskets of food which were given to the poor, and interesting incidents that had occurred in connection with the service. He also said that if there were any men in the meeting who would be without a Christmas dinner he would be pleased to see them after the meeting.

The Songsters of the Scandinavian Corps supplied appropriate music and singing, and sang a carol in their own language.

Lieutenant Christiana Rem, who arrived from Denmark a few weeks ago, sang a Danish Solo very sweetly. Lieut.-Colonel Turner read the Scripture lesson and delivered a short address.

Rev. Canon Smith

real good openings were conducted throughout the day. The second meeting was a very heavy vote of thanks to the Commissioner.

COMMISSIONER and Mrs. Sowton

Visit Saskatoon

COMMISSIONER and Mrs. Sowton's visit to Saskatoon on Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 29th-30th, was undoubtedly a success.

The Citadel was crowded for the afternoon gathering, and a number of prominent citizens were on the platform, among them being Mayor-elect Dr. Young, Commissioner F. McCreaney, Mr. J. A. Clendinning, Chief Daniel, Canon E. B. Smith, Rev. C. W. Brown, Dr. Manley, and others.

Mr. J. A. Clendinning opened the proceedings with prayer, after which Major Coombs, the Divisional Commander for the month, introduced the Chairman, Mr. G. E. McCreaney, who, in the course of his remarks, said: "In Commissioner Sowton we have an example of the world-wide spread of The Salvation Army, for the Commissioner, born in England, spoke Scandinavian, lived in Chicago, and had just come from India, where he did a number of years' service."

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Captain and Mrs. Porter

Recently married at Petrolia by Bridgman Rawling.

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TEN COMRADES SWORN IN

Welcome to the Divisional Officer

On Sunday, Dec. 11th-12th, Sarnia was favoured with a visit from their new Divisional Commander—Brigadier Taylor, accompanied by Staff-Captain White.

The meetings were much enjoyed by Salvationists and friends, who gathered to hear the Brigadier and his wife. The meetings were held at the Sarnia Hotel, and were very successful. The Brigadier and his wife were very popular, and the meetings were well attended.

Adjutant S. J. H. and Lieutenant J. H. Johnson are able leading us on. Big times are in store for us here. Ten comrades were enrolled under the Flag—Victory.

Major and Mrs. Fraser gave the inmates of the Ontario Reformatory at Guelph a pleasant time at Christmas. A number of officers and the choice selection of lantern slides during the evening, and last, but not least, Santa Claus arrived with presents for the boys and girls.

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Talking Round The World

THE MIGHTIEST VICTORY OF PEACE MANKIND HAS EVER WON

PEACE hath her victories no less renowned than war, and while nations are still grappling with each other, the peace of the world is steadily being won. The armies of peace have been marching from victory to victory.

The wireless telephone across the sea, now a fact and no longer a dream, is a new step forward in the capture of the invisible powers that lie behind the world.

It is possible because men are learning to control the atoms of matter of which the universe is made. We must get out of our minds once for all the idea that matter must be a thing that we can see. There is matter we can see and matter we cannot see. We can see a piece of stone quite easily; we can see a piece of glass less easily; we can see a cloud of dust less easily still, but we cannot see the air we breathe, though it is matter in every sense.

The gases that make it up are matter, and we can take them and separate them and compress them and make them a solid thing. Realize that the air you are breathing could be made into something to sit on, and your mind will be ready to understand the wireless telephone.

The Ocean of Matter We Live in

We live and have our being in an ocean of matter, matter thinned out so much that we do not notice it. When we speak this matter moves; every word from our lips sets it moving in ripples, as the surface of a cup of tea will move if you blow it. These movements are always the same—that is to say, two sounds that are exactly the same cause exactly the same movement in the air. It is so always and everywhere.

It is important to remember that, as there are thousands of sounds, so there are thousands of sound waves, and that each wave goes on its journey and arrives safely. It travels with a thousand others, yet does not

verse. The electrons that carry sounds are really among the giants in Nature.

Miraculous Speed

If our voices were loud enough to speak to anywhere without an instrument, our words would travel 750 miles an hour. In a quarter of an hour before words spoken in London could reach Paris or Glasgow, forty minutes before they could reach Berlin, and two hours before they got to Moscow or Constantinople.

A word would take three hours to get to Jerusalem, seven hours to Tokyo or Cape Town, over thirteen hours to Sydney and fifteen to New Zealand, and sixteen hours from Pole to Pole.

We begin to see how slowly sound travels, and we are now free to face with the wondrous miracle the telephone performs every time we speak into it. It picks up our words as they travel 1,100 feet a second and harnesses them to a chariot which carries them a million times as fast.

The Miracle of Wireless

Picture a room in New York, at the office of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, in Dey Street. The president of this company is speaking into a telephone. "Hello, Carthy, this is Mr. Vail," he says. Carthy is in San Francisco, 2,500 miles away, and no wires connect them, but he hears Mr. Vail, and says, "This is fine! This is wonderful!"

It was fine indeed, and wonderful. It was one of those events which language fails utterly to describe, to which Shakespeare himself would probably have been unequal, and would merely have been able to say, as he said once upon a time, "O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful, and after that out of all whopping!"

And yet that was only half the marvel of that day in September, for at the day drew to its close, it flashed across the earth that the voices of these men had been heard in other distant places. Not only in San Francisco, the western gate through which America goes out to the East, had the voice from New York been heard, but at San Diego,

2,300 miles west of New York, at Darien in Panama, 2,100 miles south, and—more wonderful than all this—human voice, travelling from a street in New York, had suddenly been heard by a lonely engineer alone in a wooden hut on Pearl Island, Honolulu, 5,000 miles away in the midst of the Pacific Ocean.

Lonely Listeners

The imagination leaps at the thought of the man who spoke and the man who heard—the speaker at the hub of the Western World in the very heart of the continent that never sleeps, and the listener in a little hut on a lonely island thrown up from the bed of the Pacific Ocean.

Imagination leaps, also, at the thought of that other listener to the same voice, who sat far off in the desert, where the sun shone great in that lonely place, where long ago a man stood on a peak and discovered the Pacific Ocean. This was that Francis Drake climbed up a tree and saw the Atlantic and Pacific too, as probably Cortes did before him; and the mind goes back to those days now, when once again Darien stands out like a great peak before him; the heights of human knowledge and achievement. Of has man travelled in the realms of gold, but he has lived through few hours more dramatic than that in which a lonely man sat in a room and listened to a voice 2,000 miles away.

Speaking Across the Atlantic

Dramatic as this news is, it is only the beginning, and we may be sure that momentous developments await the men who have accomplished this great thing. Only the war in Europe is keeping back the realization of this supreme conquest of science.

Within three weeks of this great day in New York, the wonderful telephone men had spoken from America to Europe. On October 23rd, the first wireless men on the Eiffel Tower in Paris heard the first time words spoken in America were heard over in Europe. The Eiffel Tower was equipped with a transmitter for replying, but the voice was acknowledged by wireless telephone.

And thrilling, however, to know that, vital as the Eiffel Tower now is, with its wonderful wireless equipment, all military use of the tower was suspended by the French Government while this experiment was made. It is something to put on record that in such grave times for Europe a Government was willing to suspend the interests of war for the interests of peace.

It is not easy to imagine the consequences that will follow on this new miracle of science, but there are few human achievements that so deeply stir the imagination. It is not likely that the wireless telephone will displace the wireless telegraph, because there are limits to its usefulness which do not apply to telegraphy. There can be no whispering, for example, on the wireless telephone—at present there is no way of preventing the world from hearing if it likes to listen. But the fact that a man can speak round the world, as he is even now able to do before very long, must make a momentous change in human affairs.

When Dusk Will Greet Dawn

It is not a wild dream to imagine that a man in England may speak to a friend in Australia as the one is at breakfast and the other at supper; an odd experience, but one that will rise with the sun and with our friend in the Antipodes. "Good morning" as he goes to bed, the darkness of

How often,

(Continued on Page 16)

2,300 miles west of New York, at Darien in Panama, 2,100 miles south, and—more wonderful than all this—human voice, travelling from a street in New York, had suddenly been heard by a lonely engineer alone in a wooden hut on Pearl Island, Honolulu, 5,000 miles away in the midst of the Pacific Ocean.

Lonely Listeners

The imagination leaps at the thought of the man who spoke and the man who heard—the speaker at the hub of the Western World in the very heart of the continent that never sleeps, and the listener in a little hut on a lonely island thrown up from the bed of the Pacific Ocean.

Imagination leaps, also, at the thought of that other listener to the same voice, who sat far off in the desert, where the sun shone great in that lonely place, where long ago a man stood on a peak and discovered the Pacific Ocean. This was that Francis Drake climbed up a tree and saw the Atlantic and Pacific too, as probably Cortes did before him; and the mind goes back to those days now, when once again Darien stands out like a great peak before him; the heights of human knowledge and achievement. Of has man travelled in the realms of gold, but he has lived through few hours more dramatic than that in which a lonely man sat in a room and listened to a voice 2,000 miles away.

Speaking Across the Atlantic

Dramatic as this news is, it is only the beginning, and we may be sure that momentous developments await the men who have accomplished this great thing. Only the war in Europe is keeping back the realization of this supreme conquest of science.

Within three weeks of this great day in New York, the wonderful telephone men had spoken from America to Europe. On October 23rd, the first wireless men on the Eiffel Tower in Paris heard the first time words spoken in America were heard over in Europe. The Eiffel Tower was equipped with a transmitter for replying, but the voice was acknowledged by wireless telephone.

And thrilling, however, to know that, vital as the Eiffel Tower now is, with its wonderful wireless equipment, all military use of the tower was suspended by the French Government while this experiment was made. It is something to put on record that in such grave times for Europe a Government was willing to suspend the interests of war for the interests of peace.

It is not easy to imagine the consequences that will follow on this new miracle of science, but there are few human achievements that so deeply stir the imagination. It is not likely that the wireless telephone will displace the wireless telegraph, because there are limits to its usefulness which do not apply to telegraphy. There can be no whispering, for example, on the wireless telephone—at present there is no way of preventing the world from hearing if it likes to listen. But the fact that a man can speak round the world, as he is even now able to do before very long, must make a momentous change in human affairs.

When Dusk Will Greet Dawn

It is not a wild dream to imagine that a man in England may speak to a friend in Australia as the one is at breakfast and the other at supper; an odd experience, but one that will rise with the sun and with our friend in the Antipodes. "Good morning" as he goes to bed, the darkness of

How often,

(Continued on Page 16)

Jan. 15, 1916

NEWS NOTES and COMMENTS

CANADIAN SOLDIERS SOBER

IT IS GRATIFYING to learn that our boys at the front are making a good impression as regards their sobriety and general behaviour. In a divisional report issued recently, the General Officer Commanding, at Shorncliffe, commends the Canadian troops on their good conduct. The General adds that the proportion of drunkenness is less than one per thousand, which is far better than the usual record of the regular troops even in times of peace.

CONSCRIPTION IN CHINA

At the beginning of 1916 the Chinese Government introduced compulsory military training into the country, according to a newspaper despatch from Peking. This is a serious news. What will it mean to the world a decade hence if all the available men of China's three hundred millions are armed and trained for war? Yet it seems all of China is being forced into militarism. The people are deeply conscious of their helplessness before any well-armed and aggressive power, and a movement is on foot to develop patriotism. The first effect of this is seen in the demand for an army adequate to the defence of the great empire. Back of it all is said to be German influence.

FREAK RAILROADS

AQUANT railway may be found Ireland at a place called Ballyunion. The line consists of a central rail which passes down the centre of the train. To add to the humor of the thing, passengers are sometimes requested to change their seats from one side of the train to the other, so that a proper balance is maintained.

Other out-of-the-way railways are sometimes used in order to negotiate very steep ascents and descents where the ordinary train would come to grief. In this connection we find what are known as "fun" railways, more than one of which is used in Switzerland.

The rack railway, instead of having ordinary smooth lines, has a meke-rail in the centre of the track—this rail being cut into a series of teeth, which jut out rather like the teeth of a saw, held upside-down. Under the engine of the train itself there is fixed a cogwheel, which grips the teeth of the rack rail, and so prevents the train from slipping back along the ordinary rails that lie on either side of the rack rail. Cars fitted thus are able to ascend steep and desecrated mountains on which an ordinary train would quickly meet with disaster.

A sensational train, which we may yet see in everyday life, is the Brennan monorail, demonstrations of which were given by its inventor the year ago. The peculiarities of this train are that it has only one rail, being balanced by means of a couple of gyroscopes.

MOTOR BUS LIFE-SAVER

A NEW life-saving device is at present being tested by the London General Omnibus Company, which gives good promise.

It is a simple, though novel, idea. Guarding each front wheel is a plate of wood two feet deep and a foot wide, held in position by metal arms which protrude from the axle. The bottom of this guard is a few inches clear of the ground. At its base is a rubber attachment which pushes the prostrate form before it. The device is always in front of the wheels, no matter in which direction



With the Royal Army Medical Corps on the Western Front

The above incident comes from the Western front. The eye-witness who describes this event was in a support trench. "Towards our trench," he writes, "came rushing a horse ambulance, swaying violently from side to side. It was coming straight towards us across what was once fit medium land. Shells were exploding all round it. Then as it approached we could see that it was masterless. The driver was lying dead across the seat. He had been shot through the heart by a wandering bullet. Some of our men scrambled over the parapet and rushed towards it, and managed to stop the horses on the very brink of the trench."

A press representative, who talked to the driver and conductors of several fitted omnibuses, found that they were very favourably impressed. "It has saved two of our children already," said one. "There was a youngster only the other day who would almost certainly have been killed for this protection. The only trouble is that we don't know what to call it. At present, about half of us call it the mud pusher, and the other half the snow plough."

COULDN'T REACH BOTTOM

WHILE sinking a shaft for a gold mine in Southern Nevada, some eleven miles from the famous Tonopah camp, a vast subterranean cavern was uncovered recently in a most unexpected manner.

The claim is a new one. At fifty feet below the surface the drills passed into soft rock formation which caused the workers to express surprise.

After the last blast had been fired the muckers were lowered down the shaft until the end of the derrick rope was reached. It was then found that the explosion had uncovered a great pit, extending far into the earth. The blast had made the shaft bottomless.

Subsequent examinations of the place were made by a distance of several hundred feet they were unable to reach the bottom. Rocks which had become dislodged slipped into the chasm, and fell through space silently, giving back no echoes.

PALESTINE IN WAR TIME

"ZION'S HERALD" gives the following picture of how the war is affecting Palestine. "The army and ammunition and foodstuffs are being transported over all the roads of Gallilee, Samaria and Judaea. The roads at the end of the lake of Genezareth in the north to the lower end of the Dead

to the Turkish army. Strategic positions have been located, and thousands of peasants have been requisitioned by the German officials to dig trenches along these lines.

The Germans have transformed the Mount of Olives into a drilling ground for recruits, and have also established observation posts there. The plain of Samaria, between the Jordan and Joppa, is being used for drilling purposes for the Turkish army. Even Mount Golgotha has become a shooting range, where the Turkish soldiers are being supervised by the Germans in rifle practice."

Think of it—the Mount where our Lord was crucified, a shooting range for Turkish soldiers!

HYMNS IN THE TRENCHES

FRENCH chaplains relate many instances of soldiers who had ceased to follow any religious observance voluntarily meeting for singing and for repeating Bible promises. The words of Bible verses that had been stored in the memory in childhood they found comfort and courage in.

One chaplain says that hymns especially are the strongest comfort in the trenches. The other day at a wounded French soldier told the chaplain that his security under shells and bullets (he had received three grievous wounds at time) was to repeat to himself a Sunday School hymn as a prayer.

RUBBER PAVEMENTS

RUBBER is being experimented with in London as a surfacing material for pavements, and aside from providing a perfectly noiseless, resilient and non-skidding roadway, it appears to possess good wearing qualities.

A stretch of this pavement has been in use in the Old Kent Road for nearly a year, and has been subjected to a traffic of some 100,000 cars and omnibuses, and to the

square foot each hour in every twenty-four. It is built up with wood blocks fitted with a cushion surface of rubber that is secured firmly in place by dovetailing.

So far the roadway bears no noticeable indication of wear or injury, it is said, while a wood block pavement adjacent to it, which has been subjected to a like traffic during the same period, has lost half an inch in thickness. The use of rubber in this capacity is purely experimental, and whatever merit it may have remains to be proved.

PHOTOGRAPHING THE VOICE

DR. CONTA, of Paris, has worked out a combining photograph and camera, called a phonograph, which shows exactly what a voice looks like. The invention is apt to prove of great value in the musical world.

A singer cannot hear himself sing, but has to take the advice of a teacher—and teachers are human and might err. Suppose Caruso were told that one of his notes was harsh. He might believe it, but, on the other hand, he might only see it. He might, after he had sung the note, the photograph showed him that while all his other notes were smooth and beautiful, this one was jagged, what a boon to him it would be! Dr. Conta believes that his invention can be made to record a difference in vibration between the utterance of a falsehood and of the truth.

SANITARY PAPER BIBBS

INTENDED for the use of babies and young children, a paper bib has been introduced which may be thrown away after once being soiled. It is neat and crisp in appearance and replaces the usual linen napkin. The face of the bib is absorbent and the back waterproof, thus being an incentive and serves to lessen the size of a family wardrobe.



The Miracle that Carries a Child's Voice Around a World at War

Our Great New Serial Story THE VAGRANT'S VAGARIES

SUMMARY OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

The main character of this story, whose identity is hidden under the name of Jack Rogers, runs away from home when a youth of seventeen, and for a time works on a farm. He grows discontented, and decides to seek a speedier path to fortune. Reaching London (Ontario) he is robbed of all he possesses, but he solves to walk to New York. The first chapter dealt with happenings as far as Niagara Falls. Going on to Toronto, he takes refuge in a barn from a passing shower. Here he is discovered by Andy O'Callahan, the proprietor of a hotel and dance hall, who offers him a job. He accepts it, but gets frightened away a week later by "Red Tim," who threatens to "do for him" because he would not steal from his boss. He takes the road to Buffalo, where he meets with Steve Madick and Dan Shields in a cheap lodging-house.

CHAPTER IV.

SWAPPING STORIES

OUR new and somewhat singular acquaintance soon returned to the table, bearing with him his hash and coffee. "You will excuse me," he said, "I am a bit out of my wits in my quiet, even tones, 'from conversing much with you till I have somewhat satisfied my craving for a slight monetary consideration. Thus, you see, you could have saved this method of travel, had you known of having saved yourself that long and weary tramp from Cincinnati also. Consider yourself fortunate to have met me, for I am a guide to the road, and my adventures that you will reach New York in a much more expeditious manner than by foot, if you follow me. And now, my young friend, let me hear your story," he said, turning to me.

"No!" I should esteem it a favour if, whilst I am eating, you should both relate to me in turn how it you happen to be in a place like this, for I can plainly see that you are not of the sort that usually frequent this hospitable hostelry, and I am quite curious to know your stories. Moreover, if you confide in me I may find some way of being of service to you, as I have had much experience of what is called the seamy side of life, and can, therefore, presume to be philosopher, guide, and perhaps those who are younger and perhaps unacquainted with the many pitfalls in the way of fortune. So proceed, my young friends, and tell me as much or as little as your inclinations may lead you to."

"It's up to you, Steve," I suggested.

"Well, I don't mind," said Steve; "I'll help to pass away a dull evening anyhow." And he proceeded to tell the same story he had already related to me. "Ah! you made a big mistake in running away from Chicago in such a hurry," remarked Dan. "I knew you were innocent, why didn't you stay and face matters over? You have left a very bad impression in your late employer's mind, and I have no doubt that nothing will ever convince him now that you were not guilty. But, after deserting to bolt, you made another big mistake." "What was that?" asked Steve. "Why, not taking a side-door

Being the Experiences of a one-time Hobo who sought ADVENTURE and FORTUNE. He found both, but not the kind he thought

Pullman, instead of travelling first-class," said Dan.

"A side-door Pullman, what's that?"

"The first chapter dealt with happenings as far as Niagara Falls. Going on to Toronto, he takes refuge in a barn from a passing shower. Here he is discovered by Andy O'Callahan, the proprietor of a hotel and dance hall, who offers him a job. He accepts it, but gets frightened away a week later by 'Red Tim,' who threatens to 'do for him' because he would not steal from his boss. He takes the road to Buffalo, where he meets with Steve Madick and Dan Shields in a cheap lodging-house."

"I have promised to marry Kate and I shall keep my word"

that?" asked Steve; "never heard of it before."

"Well, some folks say jumping a freight, instead," said Dan. "I have ridden many hundreds of miles in that manner for practically nothing. Very often you happen to strike a friendly train crew, and they will ignore your presence in a box car for a slight monetary consideration. Thus, you see, you could have saved this method of travel, had you known of having saved yourself that long and weary tramp from Cincinnati also. Consider yourself fortunate to have met me, for I am a guide to the road, and my adventures that you will reach New York in a much more expeditious manner than by foot, if you follow me. And now, my young friend, let me hear your story," he said, turning to me.

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"What was that?" asked Steve. "Why, not taking a side-door

are compelled to seek shelter in a place like this?"

"Seeing that you have been frank with me, I will tell you a little of my history," said Dan. "I don't often grow confidential with strangers, but I like you two lads, and I have already made up my mind to have your travelling companions to New York, if you have no objections."

"None at all," I replied; "the more the merrier."

"So say I," said Steve; "glad to have you with us for good company."

"Then I suppose the more we know regarding each other the better it will conduce to good comradeship," said Dan; "so here goes for my little story."

"In the first place I might as well tell you that the name by which I am known is not my real name, but an assumed one—an alias, to use the correct term. It is only one of several names I have found it convenient to use during my term of residence on this continent. What my real name is I have sworn never to divulge to anyone who did not know me in former days. Once upon a time, as you have rightly surmised, I was much better off than I am now. My father was a wealthy English merchant, and had me educated at Eton College, of which he had doubtless heard. He intended that I should obtain a commission in the British Army, and all was going along nicely in that direction when I had a pretty village wench, whom I met during my strolls around the countryside."

"I'm falling in love, a misfortune, then?" I asked laughingly.

"I say misfortune advisedly," said Dan; "for it led to disastrous consequences to myself. By some means or another my father heard of my doings, and peremptorily forbade

"I swung myself to safety as a huge alligator came rushing toward me."

"I swung myself to safety as a huge alligator came rushing toward me."

me to walk out with the girl, or have anything further to do with her. Being a hot-headed young fellow, I flew into a rage, and ended up by marrying the girl right away."

"In that event, I forbid you to enter this house again," said my father, "and, moreover, I decide I will cut you off with a shilling a day, and you shall never come to mine. Now think the matter over calmly, and consider whether blacksmith's daughter is worth such a price."

"What is your old money in comparison to our happiness?" I replied. "I have promised to marry Kate, and I shall keep my word. I dare say we can get on very well without your aid." My father then entered another room in anger, without uttering another word, and from that day to this we have never met.

I went in hot haste to tell Kate of my father's decision, but she would be moved by the nobility of my sacrifice on her behalf. But Kate was a shrewd lass, and after hearing my story, she suggested that I keep her before rushing into matrimony."

"I thought that was quite an easy matter, but when I attempted to obtain employment, I found difficulties on all sides. England is a funny place, you know, and a man who has been brought up as a gentleman, and has got imbued with the ideas of a gentleman, it is impossible to adapt himself to the new order of things. There were only one or two sorts of work which I considered fit for me, but I everywhere found the door barred against me."

"As a last resort I resolved to emigrate to America whilst I had sufficient funds on hand for the purpose. I vainly tried to induce the practical Kate to elope with me, but she would not listen to such proposals. When I got settled in the new country, and was earning enough to keep us both in comfort, but I everywhere found the door barred against me."

So I had her a fond farewell and departed.

"Of my experiences in this country, I may tell you later. Suffice it to say now that I had a hard struggle for a mere existence for many years. My English training hadn't fitted me much for life under such conditions. I began to feel that I was in a long time before I could shake off the notion that to work with one's hands was beneath me."

"By the time I had had more sense knocked into me, Kate had got tired of waiting, and one day I got a curt note saying that she was about to be married to Bill Dodge, a farmer's son, and therefore was no longer my wife."

"It was then that I thought of going back to England, and doing my own thing, and forgiving, and asking him to help me win some sort of a respectable position."

"But I was too late. The foolish girl, who

has been many a young man's ruin, stepped in and smothered the rising feelings of repentance in my breast. "I will not cringe to my father," I said. "I treated me harshly and unjustly, and I will show him that I can carve out my own fortune." I turned my face Westward. That was about fifteen years ago, boys, and, as you can see, my choice hasn't proved me much. I've tried my hand at all manner of jobs during that period—been a farmhand, cowboy, hunter, prospector, lumberman, longshoreman, bartender, and half a dozen other things. At times I've made quite a bit of money, but it went quick in booze, gambling, alcohol, and such like. All those years I've simply been drifting about from place to place, something like you were, Jack, in that canoe in the swamp. And, by the way, that little yam reminded me of an adventure I once had in Florida. Would you like to hear about it?"

"Yes, yes!" we both cried. "Go on, Dan!"

"It's about five years ago, I rec-

on," said Dan, "since I was in Florida. In going down there I got badly hurt, and I was in a bad way. Having some money to invest at that time I was persuaded by a gang of crooks to purchase a farm in Florida. They told me I could grow pineapples, coconuts, cotton, and tobacco in plenty, and soon be a millionaire. And, like a fool, I believed every word and paid out in full for a five-hundred-acre farm before I had ever set eyes upon it. When I got to the spot, I found I had my five hundred acres all right—but half was sandy scrub hills and the other half part of an immense swamp that extended for miles along the coast."

"I still believed that I could grow coconuts in the sandy part, however, I built a small shack and set about cultivating my 'farm.' While waiting for the coconuts to grow, I tried my hand at fishing with pretty good success. Then one unlucky day I took it into my head to go hunting birds in the swamp. Paddling up one of the

many little waterways which intersected it in all directions, I was soon busy with my gun. So absorbed did I become in exploring and hunting that night came down on me unawares. I paddled along bravely, however, hoping to find my way back to my hut, but soon it became evident to me that I was hopelessly lost. That was a night of terror. Swarms of stinging insects continually pestered me, and, in spite of all that I could do, my face and hands were soon a mass of sores. The eerie noises that one hears at night in such dismal regions also alarmed me considerably, and I had no success in finding my way back. I had good cause for alarm, too, as I speedily found out."

"Realizing that by paddling I might be taking myself further from home and safety, I allowed the canoe to drift where it would, hoping that morning light would come to recognize some landmark. Suddenly it bumped into something hard, and there was a great commotion in the water under me. Then

My coat came to hand yesterday afternoon, and I am just writing to let you know how grateful I am to you for doing it so quickly. I knew you would do it in time for if you could, but I did not expect you to do so before time. Thank you very much. As for the coat itself, I think it is splendid. It exceeds all my expectations and fits me perfectly. Wishing you every success, and with good wishes for the coming season. I am, sincerely yours, A. MARY YOST.

Mrs. Ritchie desires me to let you know how pleased she is with the uniform (jacket and skirt) recently made by the Dress-Making Department. The fit is excellent, and the workmanship is of the very best quality, and we are well satisfied. CAPTAIN RITCHIE.

The uniform dress that was made for me last year by the Dress-making Department at Headquarters was the most comfortable uniform that I have ever worn, and gave every satisfaction. I have no hesitation, whatever, in recommending the Department to any officer. MRS. BRIGADIER ABBY.

that causes the "speaker" and skirt made by the Dressmaking Department at the Territorial Headquarters to have the graceful hang, symmetrical smartness and look of comfort that is peculiar to the uniforms turned out by Headquarters? You can always tell them from any others, can't you?

If you don't know the reason for this we will tell you!

It is because the uniforms of The Salvation Army are made on a scientific basis, the proportions which render the Army uniform, when properly made, such a graceful and becoming dress have not been decided on by guess work, but by patient study on the part of designers at the International Trade Department, who have passed the results of their studies and experiments to the Territorial Headquarters at Toronto. We have the right proportions for figures that run all the way from willowy girlhood (8) to obese middle age, and because this is so, we can make your uniforms better than any other dressmaker can do who has to work by rule of thumb. An inch is not much on a flagpole, but it is something considerable on the length of one's nose, and upon the correct lengths of the jacket and skirt largely depend beauty of outline and grace of fold. An inch or two makes all the difference between pleasure in appearance and comfort in the wear. Here are some letters we have received from those whose uniforms we have made:

I feel I must write to let you know that I received the speaker and skirt made by the Dress-making Department at Territorial Headquarters, and I am delighted with the same; it is a perfect fit and beautifully made. I shall not be afraid now to recommend the Territorial Headquarters Dress-making. You can use this testimony if you think fit. Yours faithfully, MRS. ENSIGN SMITH.

Just a line to thank you for sending my dress so promptly. I am delighted with it; it's a dandy fit, and I really did not expect it to be so well made. I shall be there to have a fitting; but, MARY A. KETTLE.

Thank you for dresses which arrived quite safe, and my wife and daughter say they give them every satisfaction. A. KNIGHT.

The dress you made for me recently is satisfactory in every way. I was equally pleased with your courtesy and the expedition with which the order was executed. Many thanks. MRS. BEER.

We want to make YOUR uniform. If you live in Toronto call and see us and talk it over. If you live in the country write us for a measurement chart, and any other particulars you would like us to know and don't forget this:—

WE CAN MAKE YOUR UNIFORMS BETTER AND CHEAPER THAN ANYONE ELSE! TERRITORIAL TRADE HEADQUARTERS, TORONTO.

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with a resounding smack, something hit the canoe, and there was a sound of splintered wood. In a few seconds I was over my boot-tops in water, and I knew my craft was doomed. Springing up I managed to catch hold of the branch of an overhanging tree, and I swung myself to safety as a huge alligator rushed towards me with open jaws.

"That seemed a long, long night to me. As I sat on that branch, not daring to doze off for even a moment for fear I should fall from the water beneath, and perhaps have to face that alligator in the dark. At last, however, daylight came, and never was mortal so glad to see the first faint flush of dawn in the eastern sky. It gave me a sense of direction, and I did not feel so utterly lost. I knew that if I kept on travelling east I would at last arrive at the shore, and I did not think I was many miles away from it. I climbed to the topmost branch of the tree to see if I could locate any. (Continued on Page 16)

